The incident threw him into such a state of excitement that he could not board the train, and had to postpone

"At the last performance of 'Parsifal' in 1882 Wagner conducted the last scene of the third act. Soon after he

went to Venice, and there, in the hall of the Conservatorio, he conducted a

(Now I have directed for the last time)

Two months later he was no longer among the living. The last letter that he wrote was to my director. He spoke

in it in hearty appreciation of the en-terprise and expressed his hope for its long existence and usefulness. The

last words of the letter were: 'Nu lebt alle wohl und bleibt mir treu!

'Farewell, and be faithful to me!

The letter arrived one day after the

telegram announcing the master's

ADVENTURES ON A BOSTON TRAIN.

A Passenger Fleeced by Sharpers

A Watchman Killed.

A Boston telegram says: The pas-tengers on the train that arrived at

6:30 this morning from New York over the Boston and Albany railroad had a

series of adventures. A few miles out

from New York three confidence-men

entered the first-class through passenger

the other rather rough looking and ap

the other rather rough looking and ap-parently drunk. They spied a young man on the way to Maine, who had re-ceived a telegram that his mother was dying. The confidence-men won the heart of the young man and then asked him if he ever played the new

whist. Finally the fine-looking man

began to play with the apparently

drunken man, and easily won his money. He then told the young man to try it, as the man was bound to fool

as well have it as any out. The young man put up \$20, and of course lost. He

tried again, and \$20 more were lost. Cne of the passengers saw what was up, and told the young man that he was in the hands of sharpers. Then the sharpers tried to bully the man with

threats. The sleeping passengers were awakened by the talk, and for a few moments it looked as though there would

be trouble. The young man pleaded for his money, but it did no good. The

assengers became indignant and began muster to capture the rascals, when

they separated and went out of the car.

One man who followed closely was told to sit down or his throat would be cut.

The conductor was notified and a hunt was made for the men, but they proba-bly jumped from the train, which slowed-up while the search was going

The excitement had hardly subsided

when the train reached Palmer, Mass Just as the cars stopped the mangled body of a nightwatchman, which the

train had struck, was wheeled past the cars. The train was delayed ten minutes

by the accident.
Just after leaving Wellesley the pas

sengers heard a sharp explosion, which

was followed by screams and a rush of water and steam. George E. Foster, of Milford, N. H., who was on the car,

thus describes the scene : "I heard the explosion, which was under the seat on

the opposite side of the car, not four

feet from where I sat.
"A volume of hot water and steam

rushed directly toward me. I jumped over the top of the seats and barely es-

caped it. In a moment the car was full

of steam, and there was a rush of pas-sengers to both doors. All got out of

train to stop.
"The lights burning in the car mad

it look as though the car was on fire, and a panic ensued, but no one was in-

of water on the floor. Hand baggage

was injured; one man had a suit of

clothes ruined, and a lady went away

The Heroine's Nose.

the description of a young lady's nose, and well do we remember the dreadful effect produced. Whenever the young

lady made her appearance upon the

boards her nose seemed to precede her like a herald; when she made her exits

her nose was the last that was seen of her; by no effort of imagination could

we escape from that nose; it grew and grew till the (in other respects) fas-

cinating damsel was nose ct pra-terea nihit. Under these circumstances

we could read about her no longer,

and left her to follow her nose. In

another work by a well-known novelis

the heroine has "colorless eyes!" With the exception of this defect, she

was undoubtedly charming, and we hoped in time to be able to forget the

one monstrosity. The hope was vain. We tried her with all sorts of

eyes-from the gray orb of Aphro-dite to the green iris of Becky

Sharp-but the same eyes always re

turned, hucless, expressionless, and immutable. Even when their unhappy

possessor was walking in the garden in a night "unlighted by moon or star" we could still see those eyes like the luminous eyes of a cat. More and

luminous eyes of a cat. More and more oppressive they became, till at last they grew like the monstrous eyes of the dogs in Hans Andersen's story of "The Tinderbox." Whether she married the young man of her choice or eloped with some avatar of Hofimann's Coppelius in "Der Sandmann" we cannot say, for we found her companionship unendurable; our peace of mind—2:0d carius est ocutie—could only be restored by severing the connection. Rather than be tortured like this, we should prefer all novelists to follow the lead which Smollett has set them, on more than one occasion, in refusing to describe his hereine at all, leaving it to the reader to imagine her in any style of beauty that he himself might most admire.

[Saturday Review.] We have seen ten lines devoted to

with a ruined dress.'

car, and some one signalled the

The car had about half an inch

car. One was a fine-looking man and

ART TREASURES.

THE TURKS' BARRAROUS MAGNIFL-CENCE IN GLASS CASES.

Dummy Sultans in Robes of State-The Lovely Little Bagdad Kiosk-

Mu al T.les. [Constantinople letter to the London Times.] The lover of art and nature who casses from St. Petersburg to Constan inople will find opportunities for gratig both sides of his appreciation of beantiful, but he cannot gratify both at once. The two cities are in strong contrast. In St. Petersburg na ture has been sparing of her gifts, but art in the | ermitage makes amends for this defect. In Constantinople, the contrary, nature has been lavish—she has given the imperial city an imperial site—a site unrivalled in the world; but if a student tears himself away from the never-fail ing fescinations of the Bosphorus and goes ashore in search of the monuments of art he will be surely disappointed. Constantinople, indeed, is a veritable whited sepulchre; seen from a little distance it is a dream of unapproachable beauty which a nearer approach shows to have been only a dream. What sight can compare with the view of the Seraglio Point from the Golden Horn about sunset? Can any one ever forget it who has gently descended the Bosphorus in a caique—the most per-fect mode of progression yet dis-covered—and has seen the seven hills of Stamboul standing out against the red of the western sky, and presently witnessed the marvellous transforms tion as the tall gleaming minarets cast lack the rays of the moon? Distance indeed lends a potent enchant-ment to such a scene—a spell that holds one breathless till one comes too close, and then it is broken. It is a pity, but one ought not, in conderation of one's finer sensibilities, to become too closely acquainted with the buildings which form so picturesque a whole when seen in due perspective. The truth is that the mosques of Constantinople will hardly stand the test of detailed and separate examination. They certainly will not bear compari-sen with those of Cairo. We shall find no such variety as exists in two such different buildings as the mosques of Tulun and Kait Bey. All the mosques of Stamboul are constructed after one pattern, and that pattern is the Church of Santa Sophia. There are architects who see in this noble edifice the perfection of every canon of artistic construction. And, from within, there can be no doubt that the splendid proportions of the arched sides, and the dome, and the shell-like apse must impress the most ignorant visitor. It is rue that the Turks have not improved the aspect of the interior with their great flaring medallions inscribed with the names of God and the Prophet and the four orthodox Caliphs, or by the inappropriate private box which they erected for the accommodation of the Sultan when he happens to come to f an unpleasantly glaring kind, but the sins of omission are even more distress The medallions and the Sultan's ox might be removed and leave no stal vacancy behind, but who can re mosaics that are daily falling out upon the floor, and are even picked out by the attendants to be sold to western tourists?
Who can restore the obliterated portions of the four scraphin who spread their wings beneath the spring of the dome or the countenances of saints and martyrs on the walls which Moslem iconoclasm has partly effaced? Santa Sophia is becoming a ruin; everything that is movable is suffered gradually to fall to pieces, and is even wantonly destroyed by the "caretakers" (save the mark) of the mosque

But all the ruined beauty of this creat church cannot reconcile us to its Hemmed in by other and insignificant buildings one has diffi-culty in getting a good view of the outfor advantageous effect. It is doubt-less a prejudice, but those who know a true Cairo dome can never accommo-date their taste to the dumpy cupolas, or agglomerations of cupolas, like elaborate wedding-cake, of all Constantine ple mosques. However, for good or ill, the external features of Santa Sophia have impressed themselves to such an extent on the Turkish imagination that the architects can devise no other form of building. We pass from mosque to mosque, and every one of them is more or less a copy of Santa Sophia. The domes are too corpulent the minarcts too pointed, and the whole exterior lacks light and shade. The Suleimaniya, or mosque of Suleiman the Great, is indeed, internally, a splendid building that will bear comparison, some think favorably, with Santa Sophia itself. Another fine merque is that of Sultan Ahmed, with its six minarets, which help he stranger to distinguish it externally from its two resembling rivals. As your inarets that extends from Eyoub to the green gardens of the old Seraglio, almost identical external features meet you in every case. The crown of the city of the seven hills is composed of ewels of identical size and shape. There is no invention or originality about Turkish architecture, and, however good a model may be, it is monoto nous to find even Santa Sophia repeat-

church.

ed ad infinitum. The chief characteristic thing in Turkish decoration is the general employment of mural tiles. The idea, of course, came from Persia, but the Turks, while they were as a rule won-derfully deficient in the arts seem to have succeeded in bringing the tech-nique of pottery to perfection, and the theory which ascribes almost all the best Damascus and Cairo and so-called Rhedian tiles to the period of Turkish supremacy in the sixteenth century rests upon more evidence than many people think. At all events we hear little or nothing of tiles in Egypt before the Turkish conquest. There are no tiles to compare in fabric with those of Constantinople. Every one knows their general appearance, the large designs of flowers and leaves of blue of two shades, with a large proportion of bril-liant red decoration in relief. They are commonly known as Rhodian, but there is a difference between the two which is easily recognized. The duller colors and less skilful baking, blurred outlines, and imperfect glaze of the true Rhodian tiles and vessels, almost as dear to the artist as the soft Damascus hues, are easily distinguished from the clear, hard outlines, brilliant colors, and tronsparent glaze of the Constantinople tiles. The theory seems to be that while Persian prisoners taught the people of Rhodes to manu-facture the raised red tiles known by their name other Persians did a similar service to the Turks of Broussa and Constantinople. The designs were not unlike one another, and the raised red is common to both, but the Turkish variety was developed to greater chemi-cal perfection than the Rhodian, possi-bly by reason of more suitable earths. Some very fine examples of the true Turkish tile are to be seen in the walls of the Ahmediya Mosque, where the mistake has been made of trying to enlarge the area covered by the tiles by imitating them in paint—a disastrous failure. The little mosque of Rustem Pashs, Suleiman's Vizier and son-in-law, has perhaps the best tiles in any morque in Stamboul, but most of them

bably unrivalled. Many examples may be seen in the British and South Ken-sington Museums, as well as in private houses in London, and at South Ken-sington. sington is a large lamp of the same manufacture, added to the collection a year or so ago.

year or so ago.

These lamps, and, indeed, all kinds of Turkish and Rhodian pottery, except tiles in situ, (separate tiles are hard to find,) are very rare in Constantinople; but I have seen a few exceedingly fine specimens in the little museum close to the Seraglio, which is now being put into excellent order by Hamdi Bey. This, by the way, is the "Imperial Museum" of Constantinople, though it could be put bodily inside the Eigin Room of the British Museum. Nevertheless it possesses not a few good things of a miscellaneous order. The fruits of Schliemenn's and Cesnola's excavations are represented in some degree of comare represented in some degree of completeness here; the collection of terra pleteness here; the collection of terra cottas is interesting; and few objects can excel in historical associations the bronze serpent's head from the famous tripod which was taken from the Persians at the battle of Platsea was seen by Pausanias at Delphia, and finally set up by Constantine in the hippodrome of his new capital. The contents of this little kiosk consist almost entirely of Greek, Cypriote, Assyrian, Egyptian, and other antiquities. There is little that is Turkish or me-There is little that is Turkish or me diseval, with the exception of the earth-enware lamps I have mentioned, and possibly some of the coins, which are not yet displayed. Hamdi Bey's cata-logue, which is in preparation, will be awaited with interest. We trust it will be written in French.

The great museum of Constantinople though it is not so styled, is, of course, the Sultan's trasury in the Seraglio. Mr. J. C. Robinson described this cu rious and costly collection so minutely in the Times (December 8, 1885,) that I need not attempt a detailed account of the extraordinary treasures of pre-cious stones and jewelled swords, daggers, and aigrettes, and figured bro cades which I saw there—as well as the bad arrangement and worse lighting enabled me to see anything. There are however, a few facts which I may add to Mr. Robinson's interesting account. The permission to visit the Seraglio is not so difficult to obtain as Mr. Robinson seems to suppose. Many people have visited it before and since he made his historical examination of its contents; but, of course, it is a favor which can only be obtained from the Sultan by the mediation of one's Ambassador, and the visitor for whom the iradé is made out must be a person of rank or a specialist in art, or posses some other qualification to excuse the trouble he is giving both to the em-Sir Edward Thornton very kindly ob tained the necessary iradé for me, and I and a number of friends visited the Treasury with precisely the same ceremonious observances as those so graphically described by Mr. Robin-I confess I entered the mysteri ously dark portal with the an explorer in unknown territory. I cenic art, though, of course, Mr. Robin on's revelations had taken away from as any expectations of discovering those "spoils of Matthias Corvinus and the Palæologi" which Mr. Robinson went out for to see and saw not. Indeed, we might have spared ourselves some disappointment if we had studied more nutely the history of Turkey and re membered (what Mr. E. J. Gibb informs me) that the great fire of 1574 completely gutted the treasury, and whatever "spoils of the Palseologi" might have been there succumbed to the flames, and not, as Mr. Robinson fancied, to "the destroying hand of the Ottoman." This circumstance renders Mr. Robinson's attribution of many objects to the sixteenth century a little

doubtful, for we must suppose most of the present collection to have been formed at some period after the conflagration. It does not, however, necessarily follow that because all the old heirlooms were burned in 1574 nothing previous to that date exists in the treasury. Ancient treasures may have been given to the Sultan by tribuside, and is compelled to see it too near tary or vanquished princes afterward, for advantageous effect. It is doubt-tor precious objects may have been preerved in other chambers of the pa besides the treasury. A proof of this is seen in a beautiful brass bowl inlaid with silver, bearing the name and title of Kait Bey, the Mame luke Sultan of Egypt, who reigned A. D. 1468-'96. This is the only specimen of Saracenie or Arab art that I saw in Constantinople, with the exception of tiles, and two or three collections, and it is a singularly beau-tiful specimen of its kind. It was possibly part of the spoils of Egypt, taken from the citadel of Cairo on the entry of Selim I. in 1516; at all events it is a century earlier than the fire of 1594, ane must have been preserved in some other place than the treasury, or else it

would doubtless have been melted along with the "spoils of the Paleologi" The general impression produced by an examination of the crowded glass cases of the treasury is a confused recollection of the adornment of barba-rous magnificence. Mr. Robinson has not exaggerated the extraordinary size and number of the precious stones There are emeralds there as big as one's fist, and large table diamonds innume The hilt of a sword sometime helds a considerable fortune in eme relds as large as ben's eggs. But I think he has made out a better case in point of art than the collection deserves. It is even more barbaric and tasteles than he will allow, and with the excep tion of some of the armor, notable Murad IV.'s coat of mail worn at the capture of Bagdad in 1638, and a few other objects, there are few works of true art in the building. The dummy Sultans in their putative robes of State are very curious, very costly in their silks and aigrettes and daggers; but most of these things are in the worst taste, though the old Turkish fabrics which these lay figures wear are sometimes undoubtedly beautiful, espepecially when their colors are faded. In Oriental matters the treasury is very deficient. I remember scarcely any thing of the best Persian style; and, besides the bowl of Kait Bey, the only Arab objects are the collections of coins, which are arranged in the (not very scientific) order of size in a glass case in the middle of the second room The light is so bad that it is impossible to examine them minutely, but I saw enough to be able to revise Mr.

Robinson's statement that in the "bowls" of coins "only a small proportion were of the nobler metal, and the specimens "were mostly of comparatively modern is-sues." The large circular case in the middle of the room is filled with, I should say, several thousand coins, which the greater part are of gold and in good condition, while so far are they from being "comparatively modern is sues" that I noticed Roman and By zantine specimens, and a considerable number of Arabic coins of the first cen number of Arabic coins of the first century of the Hegira. This collection ought to be properly examined, arranged, and described. In its present position it is impossible to see it adequately; it may contain rarities or even unique specimens, it is sure to present somewhat of fresh interest; and if the Sultan could be induced to permit the detailed examination and publication of his coin cabinet by English numismatists he would (to his surprise) find the number of specimens intact on the termination of the dangerous experiment, and the antispecimens intact on the termination of the dangerous experiment, and the anti-quarian world would be somewhat the wiser by a description of the coins. At least we should know whether or not

IV. in imitation of one he saw when he conquered Eagdad. I doubt very much if any such building over existed at Fagdad. The tiles are not at all Persian in style, but are of the blue kind saan in style, but are of the blue kind so common in Cairo, and resemble es-pecially those of the mosque of Ara-him Agha (1652), which may possibly have been shipped to Egypt from Con-stantinople. The kiosk, with its tile lining and inlaid doors and painted ceilings, is a dainty little edifice, more like a Cairo than a Stambouli building but the view from its veranda is more beautiful still. "Earth hath not any beautiful still. "Earth hath not anything to show more fair" than this exquisite view over the Bosphorus. The cypresses and crumbling masses of irregular old buildings of the Seraglio conceal the shipping and the bridge and less picturesque portions of the city; at our feet are the neglected shrubs and lawns of the quiet, peaceful palace garden, and over the battlepslace garden, and over the battle-mented wall we can see the mouth of the Golden Horn, and look past it up the winding Bosphorus, past Scutari on the one side and Ortakeui on the other, till we almost see the Sweet Waters of Asia. Clothed with verdure, fringed with white palaces and ruined wooden mansions of the past, the Bosphorus is a real carthly paradise, and the Sultans never made a greater mistake than when they left the lovely seclusion of the old Seraglio, with its glorious view, and went to live on the top of the hill of

A GEORGIA CHARACTER. Queer Traits of a Quaint, Humorons, and Popular reliow.

[Athens (Ga.) Banner.] The recent death of Samuel Tant in jainesville removes from life one of the ost original men in Georgia. He had the brush of an artist which ran into sign-painting and house-decorating. He was a skilful painter and designer.
Tant had also the temperament of an artist. He possessed the spirit of roving and had seen many sides of life, and was familiar with all phases of haracter. He was authority on sportng subjects. Music and minstrelsy had ng subjects. Musicana muses special charms for him. He appreiated genuine humor, and was qui xpose quackery on the burned-cork oards. Base-ball amounted to a pastion. He caught the slang of the picturesque way. Language was his forte. Words were welded and modelled anew under his tongue, and although the effect was startling at times, there was never any doubt as to his menning.

He was an oddity. When he moved Augusta he put out a beautiful sign,

T. Sam Tant, Paintery."
The last word was a startler. friends asked him where he got his au-thority for "Paintery." He said it suited him. A baker's store was a bakery—why was not a painter's shop a paintery? He never changed his sign.

Tant's shop was in the old Opera-House arcade, in Augusta. After the burning of 1883 he used to call himself "the phoenix of the town." survived fires and financial wrecks, and siled on unperturbed.

He had lived everywhere and hall ngaged in all sorts of business. He was a versatile and a companionable ellow, who would make friends and find listeners. During the cold spell in Athens he had the crowd around the Commercial Hotel stove entertained all the time. He was for awhile locomoive engineer on the Alabama Great Southern railroad. He said he could run an engine into the round-house as pretty as any man on the road. One day he "dropped the trucks of the L. Q. C. Lamar over into the turn-table," nd retired from the business.

Sam used to give an amusing accoun of a trip up the Mississippi river. He was bound for Memphis. The steam-best ran aground, broke her rudder, d the captain announced that, as the delay would be long, he would send the passengers ashore or transfer them t mother boat. "It was in the summer, said Tant, "business was dull, and I was not in a hurry to get to Memphis anyway. I refused to be transferred; told him my ticket required him to put me down in Memphis and I would remain on board until he was ready to go. I stayed two weeks, had good fare free, enjoyed the river scenes without pay, and got in Memphis in due time." Those who knew Tant do not doubt that he was a popular part of the lost before the trin was ended

boat before the trip was ended.

At one time he started a system Turkish baths in Augusta that wer very popular. Again he worked an en prise to bring down Chicago meat on ice and ran a refrigerator-car on the way-freight up and down the Georgia airoad. It carried the best meats and egetables, melons, ice, beer, &c. It was equal to three or four good market-It carried the best meats and stalls, and its passing was a big treat to the people along the line, who seldon failed to draw upon the store. Tant would deal out the viands with a liberal hand. Whenever a thirsty or lonely fellow would ask him he would take n into his car, give him something to

cat, and a thirty- or forty-mile ride.

Tant used to call all good fellows "thoroughbreds." He believed, to use his own words, in "keeping up with the bell-cow and galloping with the gang." He liked to talk with the prominent men. General E. P. Alex ander was a great favorite with him and pronounced Tant the most origina man he ever met. He did not think much of modern statesmen. He said there were bright Bohemians in Washington who wrote speeches for congres men, and who "would put language in them that would send Daniel Webster

l escribing a meeting with George I. Seney once, Tant said he felt like he was "pitching to the third hitter of the world."

Fad he stuck closely to house and sign painting he would have made his fortune, for he was thoroughly up in everything relating to what he was fond of calling "the profession." He used to say that he had prolonged the lives of several wealthy octogenarians in Augusta by persuading them to let him paint their houses. His brush would furnish "change of some," he declared and was equal to a trip abroad.

The Iron Horse's Deadly Sweep

A Pittsburgh special says: A peculiar accident, resulting in the killing of three men, occurred on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago road last night near Beaver Falls, about thirty-five miles from this city. Daniel Donfive miles from this city. Daniel Don-aldson, a stonecutter, and two com-panions were waking along the track, when they were struck by the engine of a freight train. Donaldson and one of his companions were instantly killed, their bodies being found lying on the side of the track. The other man was hurled through the air and alighted on the pilot of an engine coming in the opposite direction.

the opposite direction.

Neither the engineer nor the fireman was aware that they carried a mutilated and dying man, and proceeded about their duties. All night the injured man lay on the pilot, totally oblivious of his surroundit gs and being whirled along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. At daybreak, on the arrival of the train at this city, the engineer took his engine into the Fort Wayne shops and wen

home.

This morning when the shop-mer reported for work they discoverd the man on the front of the engine. He still showed signs of life. They has him removed to the Allegheny General Hospital, where he died at noon. His name has not yet been learned.

Erastus Wiman carried the war into Africa by making a speech favorable to the American side of the Canadian fishery dispute at the annual banque

WAGNER.

TALK WITH HERR SEIDL-SOME RE-MINISCENCES.

Peculiarities of the Great Composer-His Manner of Conducting-Ris Kind Heart.

(Tribune,)

Anton Seidl, for two seasons musical conductor at the Metropolitan Opera-House, will sail for Germany at 10 A. House, will sail for Germany at 10 A.
M. to-day on the North German Lloyd
steamer Saale, to enter upon his duties
as conductor at the Court Opera in
Eerlin. Last night he gave his last
concert at Steinway Hall. During the
day at his lodgings in west Thirty-eighth
street, in the artists room at the hall
in the evening, and for hours after the
concert he was kent inny saying fareconcert he was kept busy saying fare-well to the host of friends and admirers that he leaves behind him. To a Trinoon he said:

That I leave this country with re

performance of his youthful symphony composed in 1832. The work had been heard in Leipsic a few times shortly after it was composed. Fifty years after, Wagner, as if under the influence of a pregret you may well believe. My en-thusiasm has been stirred by the quick appreciation that the public here have ove for other classic operas which has monition of his approaching death, performed it again to give his wife a last pleasure. He wrote to me—
I was then travelling in Holland and sprung from that appreciation. I have great hopes for the musical future of The time will come when merica. musical affairs here will have the same stability that they now have in Ger-many. The music-loving people are fast reaching that point of view from which they will demand only the good and true in art. Whoever cultivates Belgium as conductor of Neumann's 'Eichard Wagner Theatre'—asking me to get a leave of absence for at least a week and come to Venice to conduct the preparatory rehearsals. He already felt his inability to endure such an ex-ertion. Herr Neumann thought the furlough would endanger the undergood and true music will always find support. I do not surrender the hope, sooner or later, to taking in which we were embarked, turn to this country. At present I am bound to Berlin, but I hope, if ever I do return, to find the public as willing and so I lost the last chance to se Wagner again alive. He conducted the wagner again anve. He considered the rehearsals himself, and the performance, which took place in the presence of his wife and a few friends, on the second Christmas-day, 1882. When he had concluded he laid down the baton and the control of the child beach. to receive me and support me as they have been during the last two years. For my friends I leave sincere and hearty farewells, and I hope that the possible 'Wiedersehn' will be as agree-ble to them as to me." whispered with palid cheeks: 'Nun habe ich zum letzten Mal dirigirt'

Interrupted by several friendly and business calls, Herr Seidl, in compliance with the reporter's request that he might continue the reminiscences of Wagner, an instalment of which proved to be so interesting and instructive a feature of last Sunday's *Tribune*, spoke further as follows:

"I would like to add a few anecdotes which illustrate Wagner's traits as a conductor. On the occasion of his Berlin concerts in 1875, when he performed fragments from 'Die Gotter lammerung' for the first time in that city, very short time was allowed for the preparations, and it was found re cessary to call a rehearsal for a reli-gious holiday on which no Berlin musi-cian had ever been known to touch bis .instrument. The men seemed doubtful, Wagner said: 'Gentlemen, then I will return home.' At once there was a unanimous lemand for the re-hearsal. The harpist was a fellow who was always in financial straits. On the ay of the general rehearsal he had en obliged to surrender his harp to an

flicer of the law. Now he sat at home

his dismantled room and waited for

to mething to turn up. Wagner paid his debts, redeemed the harp, and in

he evening the harpist sat in his place and took part in the concert. "Incidents like this might be multi-plied by the hundreds. Whenever he went on concert trips or visits to friends his presence was always cele brated with serenades, morning con certs, parades, or banquets. The most diverting 'intermezzi' generally hap-pened to the conductors of military bands, for Wagner was generally bands, for Wagner was generally honored with performances of his own music, with the tempi all taken wrong. A few years ago he lodged for some time with his family in a hotel in Dresden, vis-d-vis to the Hoftheatre. 'The Flying Dutchman' was in rehearsal one morning, and Wagner seated at his window hand the observed was to waste to the seater than the seater of th heard the chorus at practice. He sent over a messenger with the request that at night the choruses be sung in tempi

e correct. "At another time while he was eat At another time while he was ear-ing at the table d'hote a very good mili-tury band serenaded him and played among other things the overture to 'I or Freischutz.' Wagner endured it as long as possible, then jumped through the window in his haste to put an end to the torture, and rushed up to the leader. 'Where did you get that tempo?' he asked. 'I've always heard it so at the opera,' rejoined the leader.
'V. ell, then, listen to me,' said Wagner, and starting the band over again he conducted it through the overture.

directly opposite to those taken at the relearsal. Then, he said, they would

rel:carsal.

"In Hamburg, Cologne, in fact wherever he went, he was the recipient of these irritating attentions. In Berlin the late Professor Stern performed the Faust' overture in his honor. The public applauded vigorously, but Wag-ner went to the conductor's desk, picked up the baton and begged the musicians repeat the overture under his directhe work as the same one they had listened to a moment before.

"When he had completed the pre lude to 'Parsital' he performed it with an orchestra called for the purpose from Menningen for the pleasure of his wife, whose birthday he thus celebrated. The King of Bavaria hearing of this The King of bayaria nearing called him to Munich and asked for a performance there for his benefit. Wagner acceded to the wish of his great patron. The King came from his mountain castle and one ternoon the theatre was locked up, the audience-room darkened, the King sat in his box, and Wagner rehearsed the prelude, which had al-ready been studied by the orchestra. The whole thing lasted perhaps half an hour and the musicians spoke with en-thusiasm of the tremendous effect which his conducting had on the simple piece of music. After his career as Hofkapellmeister at Dresden he seldom conducted entire operas. He anxiously avoided the intense excitement which such work entails. In the spring of 1876 he went to Vienna and con-ducted the performance of 'Lohengrin' without excisions, for the benefit of the pension fund of the Hoftheatre. The delight of the public was enthusiastic; the newspapers were unanimous in the opinion that the sixty-year-old Wagner surpassed the thirty-year-old conductors in youthful freshness, vigor, and endurance. Even his greatest opponent, Edward Hauslick, on that occasion

wrote enthusiastically about his con-"Wagner was not only a poet and composer, but a man who was full of kindly feeling for men and beasts, not-withstanding that his colossal mental with standing that his colossal medical work made him subject to nervous attacks which showed themselves in quick temper and rudeness. To see an animal tortured would throw him into a rage. This sympathetic trait is of great significance in an estimate of the man's character. He had a great predilection for fine large dogs. Already in Paris, when he scarcely had enough food for himself, he kept a fine big black dog, and gave occasion to much curiosity and many witticisms about the young German musician with his big dog. The intimate friends of his later years all knew big Russ, who had been his faithful companion during his sojourns in Switzerland and Munich. Russ died in Bayreuth and Wegner had him buried in his garden and a handsome monument reared over his grave. The master was awarm sympacance in an estimate of the man's chahandsome monument reared over his crave. The master was a warm sympa-hizer with and admirer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Aut-

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is about thirty-six years of age. She was born at Johns-town, Rock county, Wis. Her father was a Vermonter, but settled in Johns-town in the year 1848. Ella grew to womanhood near the village of Wind-



sor, Wis. She was the youngest of four children. Her love of literature she inherited from her mother. When thirteen years of age she began to write poetry. In time she found confidence poetry. In time she found confidence to send her verses here and there for publication. She received no financial publication. She received no mancial return for these early efforts, but gradually won the fame which led to handsome remuneration. At the present time she is in receipt of a good income, and her residence at Meriden, Conn., is one of the prettiest and best, not to say most luxurious, home in that place. Fills has suffered from the critics. place. Ella has suffered from the critics In common with poets of every degree.

The book by which Mrs. Wilcox is best known is "Poems of Passion."

When this was published she was given a reception at the Academy of Music in

a reception at the Academy of Music in Milwaukee and \$500 was presented to her by her admirers. Her volume of temperance poems, "Drops of Water," has many admirers. A novel from her pen, "Mal-Monlée," is less known. It contains some of her best verses. A few years ago Ella Wheeler-this was her maiden name—was married to Mr. Wilcox, who, although a man of business, interests himself greatly in the literary pursuits of his wife. Their courtship was almost entirely by letter. A happier couple it would not be possi-ble to find.

The writer of "Poems of Passion ooks younger than she really is. Her figure is slight and girlish, crowned with abundant red-brown hair. While not exactly delicate looking, her complexion is pale. The expression of her features is animated and kindly and her bearing cordisl. At home Wilcox dresses in white satin; abroad, say the ladies, her costumes are "effec-." Certainly they are not conver tional, and in this respect become well their fair wearer.

A CURIOUS MISHAP. An Engineer Starts His Engine While Asleep.

Late Saturday night Dennis Mack engineer on a switch-engine in the yards of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, in this city, ran his engine into the engine-house, writes a Scranton (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun. As he was to go on duty again at 1 o'clock Sunday morning, he lay down in the cab of his engine to sleep until that time. Just before 1 o'clock workmen in the yard were startled by a great crash at the enginewhich is a frame building. Looking in the direction of the house, they saw one side of it give way and Mack's engine come tear-ing out of the breach. The engine ran short distance over the ground and then toppled over down an embank-ment twenty feet high. It rolled over and over in the descent, and was badly wrecked. The workmen knew that Mack was on the engine, and expected to find him crushed to death in the debris. They found him fast in the wreck, and although he was held so that it took them some time to extricate him, he was found to have re ceived but a few slight injuries. Mack could not explain what caused the en-gine to start, but it is supposed that he started up in his sleep and pulled the

throttle open.
This singular occurrence recalls the fact that one of the most terrible railroad disasters that ever occurred in this country was caused by an engineer starting his engine while he was asleep. It was in July, 1869, on the Erie rail-way, at Mast-Hope station, on the Delaware division. The track was then a single one on that part of the road. Conductor Jud Brown had orders to lie on the switch at Mast Hope until fastexpress train No. 3, west-bond, passed. James Griffin was the engineer of the freight train. As the express train approached the station at midnight, running thirty-five miles an hour, Conductor Brown was horrified to see his train pulling out on the main track. Griffin's engine reached the nain track directly in front of the express, and a terrific collision was the result. The cars on the express train were piled on top of one another and caught fire. Many passengers were killed outright. A dozen others were held in the wreck and burned alive. The depôt caught fire and was destroy ed. Griffin discovered the situation in time to jump from his engine. He fled, but afterward surrendered himself and was ledged in the Pike county jail. He was tried for manslaughter in September, 1869. He was defended by the late Chief-Justice George W. Woodward. It was proved on the trial that he had been on duty twen-ty-four hours without sleep, and the point made by the defence was that while waiting on the switch he was overcome by the strain and fell asleep. was partially awakened by the approx ing train, and pulled open the throttle of his engine before he knew what he was doing. A sympathetic jury acquitted him, against the charge of Judge Barrett to convict, and were publicly censured by the court. The disaster made the name of Mast Hope so notorious all over the country that the railroad company changed the name of the station to Pine Grove, which it retained until a few weeks ago, when it we changed back to Mast Hope. The r mains of several of the victims of th estastrophe were never identified. The disaster cost the company \$100,000.

(Philadelphia News.)

Mr. Cleveland likes a glass of ple beian beer, but since his increas stoutness he has used it in very me rate quantities. He has no love for the stronger drinks and confines himself almost exclusively to malt liquors.

Mrs. Cleveland is a strict temperance
woman and does not drink even the ight wines.

Secretary Eayard likes red wines, a glass of good old Burgundy is his ght.

ight.

Secretary Manning, like the President, is fond of malt liquors, with an occasional glass of light wines.

Secretary Whitney's wine is champagne. He sips all the regular drinks on the table, but invariably saves himself for the champagne. Whitney has grown remarkably stout within the last few months. Certainly no man in the Cabinet has been so high a liver as he.

Secretary Endicott treats his eristocentic stomach with achoice salection of

Court, and Senator Hale, both of are experts.

Both of these gentlemen, however, paled before President Arthur, of whom a celebrated wine-merchant said: "He is the finest judge of Madeiras in the country and his opinion upon other wine is almost as good."

**Recretary Lamar hasn't any particular liquor. He does not linger over the wine cup, neither does Postmaster-ceneral Vilas; but neither will shy at a glass of rare vintage.

glass of rare vintage.
Attorney-General Garland is fond of neither wine nor malt liquors. He drinks plain whiskey with very little

ADOLPHE DE ROTHSCHILD. A Willionaire with a Passion for Cats-His Wife. Adolphe de Rothschild's home is on

Adolphe de Rothschild's home is one of the most agreeable in Paris, writes a correspondent. He is very sympathetic, and his great passion, after art, is for cats. Of these he has some wonderful specimens; often they may be found in the stables, sleeping quietly on the backs of the horses. Mme. de Bothschild, who is the best pupil of Lamy, with Lambert, the greatest painter of cats, studies her husband's collection, and many times have I seen her watercoler sketches of these beautiful animals at charitable sales. Never was an artist more in love with art; was an artist more in love with art; never did a painter, obliged to earn his daily bread, devote himself more dili-gently to his work than this immensely rich woman, who is made happier by the stroke of a brush than by all the splendors of the world. If she were not an artist the Baroness would be distinguished sportswoman. Her yacht is called La Gitana, and she belongs to three nautical societies—American, French, and English. For the theatre Mme. de Rothschild cares nothing; the only distraction that really pleases her is a dinner, followed by a small recep-tion. Her intelligence is equalled only by her goodness. The charities of which she is the beneficent patron it would be impossible to enumerate. Already she has founded four hospitals ready she has founded four hospitals—one, near her Swiss property, is especially for the blind, without reference to religion or nationality. Jewess as is Mme. de Rothschild, perhaps no Christian has given so much money as she for the support of Catholic churches and charities. Mme. Adolphe is sister of the Faronesa Willy de Rothschild, the musician. Adelina Patti introduced her "Si yous n'ayez rien a me dire" in the Si vous n'avez rien a me dire" "Si yous n'avez rien a me dire" in the singing lesson of "Il Barbiere," and "Si j'etais ravon" was baptized by Mme. Rose Caron at a grand concert last spring. The homes of the Rothschilds are like enchanted temples, and that of Adolphe, in Port Monceau, contains more than the drawing-rooms on the first floor. Here each century seems to morell its Here each century seems to unroll its history. Were Lorenzo the magnificent, Diane de Pottiers, Mme. de Pompadour, and Marie Antoinette to come from their tombs, each one would find a familiar place, and each one would be

at home. POKER AT YALE.

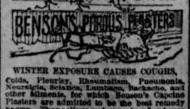
A Lamentable Amount of Cambling Among the Students.

A dispatch from New haven, Conn., says: A lamentable amount of gambling is being done just now among the stulents at Yale College, and it has been going on for the past three weeks. On the authority of one of the students it is stated that nearly one fourth of the students in the University have caught the fever. Poker is the favorite game, and last Saturday several young gentlemen spent the entire day and far into Sun-day morning at the game. In one room, where two tables were in full blast, the ants at the weekly prayer-meeting is accounted one of the best poker-players in the University. The largest loss to one man was about \$135. This occurred at one sitting. He is a plucky player, however, and has since made his losses good. Other large losses are spoken of among the students. Fare is altogether too popular. Two students in the scien-tific department are alleged to have complete lay-outs in their rooms, they are in full blast nightly. Times's correspondent talked student this morning who said that he had been up at poker with several of his class-mates for the past two nights. The Sophomore Class has the least

number of gamblers in it.

[Chambers's Journal.]
This magnificent gem, which in its rough state formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Trichinopoli, was stolen by a Frenchman, who escaped with his prize to Persia, and who, fear ful of being discovered, was glad to dispose of his ill-gotten gem for a sum of about £2,000. The man who bought the stone, a Jewish merchant, sold it to the stone, a Jewish merchant, sold it to one Shafras, an astute Armenian, for £12,000. Shafras had conceived the idea that by carrying the stone to Russia he would obtain from the Empress Catharine the Great a princely sum for it. How to travel in safety with the stone, the theft of which had of course been discovered and pro-claimed, became a grave consideration. It was too large to swallow, and no mode of concealment presented itself to Shafras that seemed secure from discovery. The way in which he solved the problem was remarkable. He made a deep incision in the fleshy part of his left leg, in which he stone, closing the wound carefully by sewing it up with silver thread. When the wound healed the Armenian merchant set out on his travels quite boldly, and although more than once apprehended, rigorously searched, and even tortured a little, he was obdurate, and firmly denied having the stone in his possession. Having a length reached his destination he asked from the Empress the sum of £40,00 for the gem, an amount of money which Catharine was unable to raise at the mo-ment. We next find the Armenian at Amsterdam with the intention of having his diamond cut. Here the stone was seen by Count Orloff, who determined seen by Count Orloff, who determined to purchase it for presentation to his royal mistress, the Empress Catherine. The sum ultimately paid for the gem was about £70,000 in cash, together with an annuity of £500 and a patent of nobility. Shafras flourished exceedingly and died a millionaire. Such, in brief, is the story of the Orloff diamond. diamond.

Captain Lemon says that the Logs fund now amounts toupward of \$65,000 "We have received eash for our large subscriptions with one exception," he says, "and that is a Montreal man who put his name down for \$1,000. We expect to hear from him this week at the furthest."



olds, Pieurisy, Rheumatiam, Pueumo-curelcia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rackacho, der silments, for which Beason's Capo asters are admitted to be the best remineration. They relieve and cure in a few ho and no other application is of the least be and no other application is of the least be Endowsed by 4,000 Physicians and Dr its, Boware of indiations under simil sudding pames, such as "Capsicum," "C fin," "Capsicine." Ast for Beason's it to no others. Examine carefully when 13. All druggists. REABUNY & JOHNStoppielors. New Yers.

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efficacious in Chronic Intermittant Feers, namecous cases of this character, which had obstinately
withsteed the usual remedias, having been restored
to perfect health in a brief space of time by a soourn at the Springs."

DR. WILLIAM T. HOWARD, OF BALTIMORK, Professor of Diseases of Women and Children in the University of Maryland.

Dr. Howard attests the common adaptation of this Water in "a soft range of cases," with that of the far-famed White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier county, W. Va., and adds the fol-

Greenbrier county, W. Va., and adds the fol-lowing:

"Indeed, in a certain class of cases, it is much superior to the latter. I allude to the abiding de-tility attendant upon the tardy canvalescence from grave acute diseases: and more especially to the Cachesia and Sequesis incident to Mala-rious Freers, in all their grades and varieties, to certain forms of Atonic Dyspepsia, and all the Afactions Peculiar to Women that are remedia-ble at all by mineral waters. In short, were called upon to state from what unineral waters I have seen the greatest and most unmittabable amount of good accrue in the largest number of cases in a general way, I would unhavilatingly say the Enfale Springs, in Mecklenburg county, Va.

DR. G. HALSTEAD BOYLAND, late Professor of Surgery Baltimore Medical College, Member American Medical Association, &c., former Resi-dent Physician at the Springs.

Association, &c., former Resident Physician at the Springs.

"Buffalo Water, Spring No. 1, is perhaps, more than any other water in the world, a specific for diseases of the Fenale Perice organ, such as Anteression or Flexion, Retroversion or Flexion, and Displacements generally. It not only fertifies the constitution, but has a direct influence upon the broad and round ligaments of the Uterus, strengthening these when relaxed, so that cases that came to the Springs with very decided displacements returned home with the Uterus in situ, all the unpleasant sensations of dragging and pain in the back gone and the general health perfect. One peculiarity of the Water of Spring No. 1 is that it acts as a Menatrual Regulator; in cases of Ammorrhagia, to the normal standard; in tooth diseases a course of this water tends to make the flow appear at the regular intervals of twenty-eight days, accommodating itself in some unaccountable manner to each class of twenty-eight days, accommodating itself in some unaccountable manner to each class of twenty-eight days, accommodating itself in some unaccountable manner to each class of twenty-eight days, accommodating itself in some unaccountable manner to each class of twenty-eight days, accommodating itself in some unaccountable manner to each class of the continuous permanent relief by the continued permanent relief by the continued

DR. THOMAS P. ATKINSON, now deceased, at one time President Medical Society of Virginia.

"For many years I was the victim of Dyspezia in its Protean forms, to obtain relief from
which I made repeated visits to the most noted
of our mountain springs, and also visited the
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Mccklenburg county, Va., beneficial results far
more decided and permanent than from any or
all of the others.

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"This we is the finest Tonic in the land. For persons debilitated by disease or overwork physical or mental, or by the imprudent use of medicines, I know of nothing equal to it in all the range of medicines or mineral waters. In derangements of the Monthly Function of women, and in Chronic Maiarial Poisoning I regard it as well nigh a specific. In diseases of children incident to teething its action is often exceedingly happy.

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